

LIRJ 605

The Esquimalt PATRICIAN



Volume 2

February 1935.

Number Three.

"THE ESQUIMALT PATRICIAN"

Published quarterly on the 1st day of February, May, August and November. Devoted to the interests of Patricia's, past and present, in British Columbia and elsewhere. Views expressed in this paper are not in any way official.

Subscriptions: 1 year (4 issues) including postage \$1.00
Serving members of the Regiment below commissioned rank . . .50

Contributions of an historical, military and humorous nature, as well as articles, etc., of general interest, will be welcomed.

Volume 2. Esquimalt, B.C. 1st February 1935. Number Three.

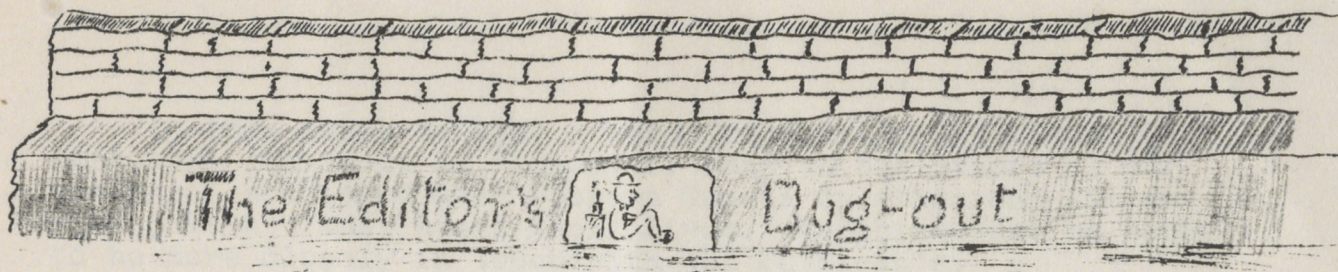
CONTENTS.

From The Editor's Dug-out - - - - -	Page 74.
What Highlanders Can Do - - - - -	" 76.
Regimental News - - - - -	" 81.
Esquimalt Station Notes - - - - -	" 82.
Winnipeg News - - - - -	" 84.
"A" Company - - - - -	" 85.
Machine Gun Platoon - - - - -	" 87.
Sergeants' Mess - - - - -	" 87.
Band - - - - -	" 88.
The Coward. Story - - - - -	" 90.
News of Old Patricia's - - - - -	" 93.
Sport - - - - -	" 95.
Around The Garrison - - - - -	" 96.
A Page Of History - - - - -	" 98.
I Take My Pen In Hand . . . - - - -	" 101.
Vancouver Letter - - - - -	" 104.
Wise And Otherwise - - - - -	" 106.
Shooting Notes - - - - -	" 107.

Contributions and subscriptions should be addressed to:-

The Editor,
"The Esquimalt Patrician",
Work Point Barracks,
VICTORIA, B.C.

Articles, etc., intended for publication in any particular issue should be in the hands of the Editor not later than the 15th of the month preceding date of publication.



The good old days when it was considered impolite to labour the weather as a topic of conversation have passed and the old order changeth with a vengeance. Although the weather hereabouts has been laboured and belaboured very impolitely for the last month, not even the most rigid exponents of etiquette took exception. Perhaps it was because they were doing it themselves.

We are glad to be able to announce, however, that all our pipes are now thawed out and repaired, that all our socks and boots are again dry, and that life has once more resumed its normal routine.

One of the brighter aspects of our unusual and devastating precipitation is that, although it cost millions of dollars to thousands of people, many of whom could ill afford it, it has provided many, many times that number of people with the employment necessary to keep the proverbial wolf out in his native haunts. "It is an ill wind that blows no one good!"

--o--

The New Year has started with every indication of an upward trend in conditions throughout the country. The published annual reports of large companies which fill our newspapers reflect the better business conditions prevailing throughout the country. Unemployment figures are lower. There is an air of returning prosperity everywhere, and a feeling that Canada has progressed farther than any other portion of the world in her economic recovery from the recent depression.

It is to be hoped that the Canadian Militia will be a party to all this, and will reflect more than ever before the cheerfulness and enthusiasm that has permeated all Canadian life.

--o--

May we recommend to our readers' attention the story of Montrose's splendid march, as told by Major W.G. Colquhoun, M.C. in his "What a Highlander Can Do". It is a thrilling account of a very splendid military achievement and makes us wonder if, after all, some of our best military history is not comparatively unknown.

--o--

In this issue we hear a word from our Instructional Cadre personnel stationed in Vancouver. May we beg others of our personnel scattered over Western Canada to write and let us know just how they spend their lives. We think that we ought to be more closely in touch with ALL Patricia's.

The above paragraph might well be applied to many Ex-Patricia's throughout the Country. They gather together in Clubs and Associations, but are slow to make any effort at keeping in touch with their old Comrades in other cities. In this issue we have some welcome notes from Winnipeg and Vancouver. Let us have stories of the lives and doings of ALL Ex-P.P.s everywhere.

--o--

Our story this time is again from the facile pen of Cpl. L.C. Morrison. It is interesting to note that this story was recently dramatized and presented over C.K.Y. at Winnipeg, when it met with a very favourable reception.

--o--

Referring to our remarks on painting of Barrack Blocks in our last issue, we are constrained, after a mournful glance at our coat-sleeves, to remark that the paint is STILL wet!

--o--

We are always glad to hear from members of the Regiment, and when they send us cash for subscriptions, our emotion practically amounts to ecstasy. But recently we had to spend all the money on an interpreter to make out the address on the letterhead. It was "Pettneu a. Arlberg, Tirol".

--o--

We acknowledge receipt of the following magazines:-

"The Lancashire Lad"	(Journal of The Loyal Regiment)
"The Goat"	(" " Royal Canadian Dragoons).

--o--

Yours faithfully,

The Editor

WHAT HIGHLANDERS CAN DO

By Major W.G. Colquhoun, M.C., P.P.C.L.I.

Being The Account Of A March Made By 1500 Highlanders Under Montrose In 1645.

-:-o:-:-

After defeating the Campbells at Inveraray, Christmas, 1644, Montrose marched his army North to Inverlochy "Where lay the Mighty Castle at the foot of Ben Nevis."

By that time the army's numbers were down to 1500 again. A Highland victory always lessened the victorious as much as a defeat; the cattle of the Campbells had been more effective than their Claymores in driving back half of Montrose's soldiers to their homes with them. Continuing along the Glen of Albin, Montrose reached the head of Loch Ness by the last week in January, 1645. "The force was tired out with their mountain march; and an army of five thousand lay ahead of them at Inverness under Seaforth".

At this time a message was received that a force of three thousand Campbells under Sir Duncan Campbell was now at Inverlochy 30 miles away. Montrose was therefore about half-way between the Campbells and Seaforth's forces; further inland Ballie's force with his Committee of Estates "debating society"; on the west the Sea Coast. Between three armies and the Sea, -- it was a good trap. During the last year Montrose had decided that the best place for his son and heir, Lord John Graham, was with his army and the story of the march over the mountains from Loch Ness to Inverlochy is told as he saw it.

Very early on the morning of the 31st January, 1645, the army was on the move again. Said its leader, "We will smash the strongest first". Seaforth's army was the larger but was made up chiefly of townsmen and raw recruits. Argyll's army under Sir Duncan Campbell was a magnificent body of men trained for war and well equipped under a first rate leader, so that the 3000 Campbells were far more formidable than Seaforth's 5000 raw recruits and townsmen.

Montrose had led his army up the Great Glen of Albin by the shores of Loch Lochy to Loch Ness. Now they must go back on their

tracks, but by another route, for their only chance lay in a surprise attack; and Argyll's and Seaforth's scouts would be scanning the Great Glen for a sight of them. No canal nor road ran there then, but it was held to be the only possible route between Inverlochy and the head of Loch Ness by which any army could travel, certainly any army with horses, and in mid-winter.

Montrose thought otherwise. With the help of Ian Lom who had come by the hill road of Glen Roy, and of stray cowherds, he was sure of finding a way across the mountains for his men, and even for the little bodyguard of horse under Lord Airlie, which carried the clarions to salute the King's standard.

His men had been rested for two or three days and well fed, and so he told them, as he advised them to buckle in their belts and not hope for any food but the oatmeal they could carry, for that, mixed with water, was all the food they could have till they won back to Inverlochy,--and no later, he promised them, than tomorrow evening. He himself had no more, nor Willie Wallace three and half centuries ago, when he and his handful of men had set out on their shaggy ponies to conquer the huge chivalry of England.

His way through the mountains was a rough one; it started in the river bed of the Tarff, (See sketch map) which led them some miles up into the hills. The winter's morning was still black as they plunged into the icy shallow running water, and began to splash their way up among the rocks. The few horses had to be led.

Johnnie felt as though his feet were being sawn off, then all feeling left them, so that he did not know how he moved,-- he stumbled, slipped,--shouted with laughter, as old Colkitto, his beard glimmering in the darkness, gripped him by the shoulder and saved him from falling full length in one of the pools that lay like black pits among the tumbling white foam.

The hills towered over them, grey monsters, scarcely to be distinguished from the sky; but that was every minute growing paler, and then came a shaft of red through the blackest clouds, and suddenly the whole vast scene took shape and colour round them. There they were, struggling out of the course of the stream in the growing light, to see dawn come up behind the Monadhliath mountains.

The raw wind came down their sides, and cut at Johnnie's wet legs, but little he cared with them roughened already to a surface like leather. Rawhide brogues, cut from the fresh skin of cattle with all its hair on, bound with leather thongs and pierced with holes to let the water run through, those were the shoes for this journeying. He wore a kilted plaid like the meanest of Alasdair's kerns, and a sheepskin coat with the wool turned inside for warmth and so protected by its natural grease that in the heaviest rain or snow his shoulders remained dry inside it. In no other clothes could one move so freely over mountains that any Lowlander would have called impassable.

tracks, but by another route, for their only chance lay in a surprise attack; and Argyll's and Eschscholtz's scouts would be attacking the Great Glen for a sight of them. He could not find them there, but it was held to be the only possible route between Inverlochy and the head of Loch Ness by which any army could travel, certainly any army with horses, and in mid-winter.

Montrose thought otherwise. With the help of Ian Don and his sons by the hill road of Glen Roy, and of every countryman, he was sure of finding a way across the mountains for his army, and over for the little bodyguard of horses under Lord Ailes, which carried the elements to salute the king's standard.

His men had been posted for two or three days and were tired, and so he told them, as he advised them to buckle in their belts and not hope for any food but the oatmeal they could carry, for that, mixed with water, was all the food they could have till they were back to Inverlochy,--and no later, he promised them, than tomorrow evening. He himself had no more, nor Willie Wallace, and half a century ago, when he and his handful of men had set out on their shaggy gaiters to conquer the bog of Inverlochy.

His way through the mountains was a rough one; it started in the river bed of the Loch. (See sketch map) which led them some miles up into the hills. The winter's morning was still black as they plunged into the bog, a narrow running water, and began to splash their way up among the rocks. The few horses had to be led.

Montrose told as though his feet were being torn off, then all looking at him, as that he did not know how he moved, as he stumbled, slipped,--dashed with laughter, as old Dalziel, his horse galloping in the darkness, gripped him by the shoulder and saved him from falling full length in one of the pools that lay like black pits among the scabbling white foam.

The hills towered over them, grey mountains, seemingly to be distinguished from the sky; but that was every minute growing greyer, and then came a mist of fog through the blackest clouds, and suddenly the whole vast scene took shape and colour round them, there they were, straggling out of the course of the stream in the growing light, to see down some up behind the low hills.

The red wind came down their sides, and out of Montrose's wet fogs, but little he cared with their roughened sides, to a surface like leather, blackish brown, cut from the fresh skin of cattle with all its hair on, bound with leather straps and pierced with holes to let the water run through, those were the horses for this journeying. No word a killed bird like the horses of Alexander's time, and a shepherd's dog with the wool turned inside for warmth and so protected by its natural grass that the horse's skin or wool remained dry inside it. In no other clothes could one move so freely over mountains that any footman would have called impassable.

He could not ride, for not only did the cold then strike more deadly, moving as slowly as all had to do, but it was the most difficult part of the work to get the horses over those precipitous slopes, all slippery with ice; and more than once it was thought they would have to be left behind. The springing case of Alasdair's great wolf-hound, leaping and trotting his happy way over the most difficult ground, was an insult to the clumsy, panting efforts of every beast, with four legs or two.

The wide surfaces of rock were no harder nor smoother than the bare stretches of bent, shining white with frost. The alternative was generally to wade knee-deep through snow;--and they were lucky it was not worse. A snowstorm or thick mist might have wiped out the little army altogether, driving it blindfold into some vast drift. But the hillside lay clear in the faint sunlight of the easterly wind that turned all colours pale and grey. Across a further slope went, in a long, lolling trot, the dark shapes of some beasts that they knew to be wolves.

They could not stop to rest that night, nor could they make a fire that might warn some possible distant scout of their whereabouts.

One of the men killed a roe buck with an arrow from his long bow; in an instant, a hurried, hungry cluster of men had gathered round it, cut and colloped it asunder, and fallen on its raw flesh.

"Here's a juicy bit for my young Lord Graham." Johnnie tried to share his bleeding morsel with his father, who refused to lessen the rations; and the boy, sick at first taste of the tough flesh, without salt, soon devoured it all greedily.

The raw meat gave him new strength; he stumbled on through the growing darkness, saw the full moon swim out above the mountains, giving light enough to the tired mountainy men to distinguish among the varying blacknesses of the moor.

He heard the long howl of a wolf rise lamentably through the night at sight of such strangers as had never before ventured into these wastes. He saw the army before and behind, streeling out in a black dotted line across the glistening icy slope of the mountain.

Each breath he drew was so cold that it hurt; he seemed to have no breath left; he staggered forward and would have fallen but for his father's hand.

"The lad is nearly spent," Montrose said in a troubled voice to Alasdair as he came up to them; and for answer Alasdair hoisted Lord Graham upon his back, winding his plaid tight round and round them both, so as to warm him and hold him fast.

It was no use for Johnnie to protest that at fourteen he was a grown man, and "quite as tall as some of our men." He was carried in turn by Alasdair's biggest Highlanders, their warmth against his keeping snug, where he would have frozen on horseback.

No one but his father could make them do it;—he saw him moving, now forward, now back, among all that endlessly straggling column, walking beside them, cheering them on by telling them that in less than twentyfour hours now they would have reached their goal,—and they would smash the sons of Diarmaid once more, this time for ever. Johnnie could see the men stepping out with more pride and courage when his father had spoken to them.

Cold and white as a corpse, the second dawn came over that desert place and now it was the first of February. They were at Roy Bridge, not more than nine miles from Inverlochy, if they could have gone direct, but they had to keep hidden among the hills.

They were now on the slopes of the mountains round Ben Nevis the highest in Britain. The Campbells had sent out no scouts over the wilderness they had been crossing, no commander could have thought that necessary, but now there was a constant danger that they might meet some advanced patrol. And so they did, not long after fording the Spean, a swollen, roaring torrent that reached their middles,—when they clashed full into a foraying party of Argyll's.

"Be it so! From that foray they never returned!" Sang Ian Lom Macdonald, as they proceeded on their way. For not one man of that band did they leave alive to run and tell Argyll that he had seen the whole of the King's army in Scotland,—a scattered column amounting to no more than fifteen hundred, struggling across the frozen mountains with the footsore, stumbling tread of desperately weary men—gaunt, shaggy, 'raw-footed' men in sheepskins and rough plaids that had been drenched in the Spean—their eyes ravenous, and red with lack of sleep—a pack of hungry wolves in the stinking garb of wet sheep.

On they clambered their way among the hills, until, as the evening sky reddened in frost again, they came up over the lower slope of Ben Nevis that looks down upon Inverlochy. Montrose was in the advance guard; it was not till eight o'clock that the rest of his exhausted army had come up with him.

Down below lay the Castle of Inverlochy, and round about it the camp of the Campbells, three thousand strong. They must have seen some of the column come over the shoulder of the lower slope, but they can have had no idea that it was anything more than a foraying party of raiders from ~~some~~ hostile clan, who would not dare attack the full force of the Clan Campbell.

Montrose knew that his men were finished for the time being; they must have sleep before they attacked. Supper they could not

have, except the last few grains of their oatmeal, mixed with water into a paste, and eaten on the points of their knives for lack of spoons. This he too ate, walking among them as he did so, and telling them of the good red beef and wheaten bread that would break their fast to-morrow down in the plain below, when they had beaten their enemies.

"Montrose's whimsies"--banners and clarions and blue bonnets and even wisps of oats flaunted as a panache--he had a boyish gusto in doing these things with a high, gallant air. He never lost all such instincts of a child; and there was a value in this youth and gay courage--and not only to such wild and simple men as he was leading. It had been well worth it to drag those trumpets across the mountains on the backs of his frightened horses, as they slid and stumbled across the slopes, and plunged and splashed through the torrents--worth it for the effect they would have, not only on his own men, but on his enemies.

He sent out pickets and gave the order for rest. The men fell in heaps on the frosted heather, lying as close as a litter of puppies, with their plaids wound tightly round them; and were asleep as they fell. He himself felt as yet no inclination to sleep. He had just achieved one of the most amazing flank marches in all history. He had led fifteen hundred men and a body of horse, without food and without rest, for thirty-six hours (about 43 miles) and scaled the inaccessible mountains of Lochaber in midwinter.

In conclusion it is pointed out that these men (after spending the night of 1-2 February in the open) were fit to fight, defeating 3000 Campbells on the 2nd.

* * * * *

DEFINITIONS. *****

A Good Clerk: A man who knows a great deal about very little and learns more and more about less and less until he finishes by knowing everything about practically nothing.

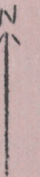
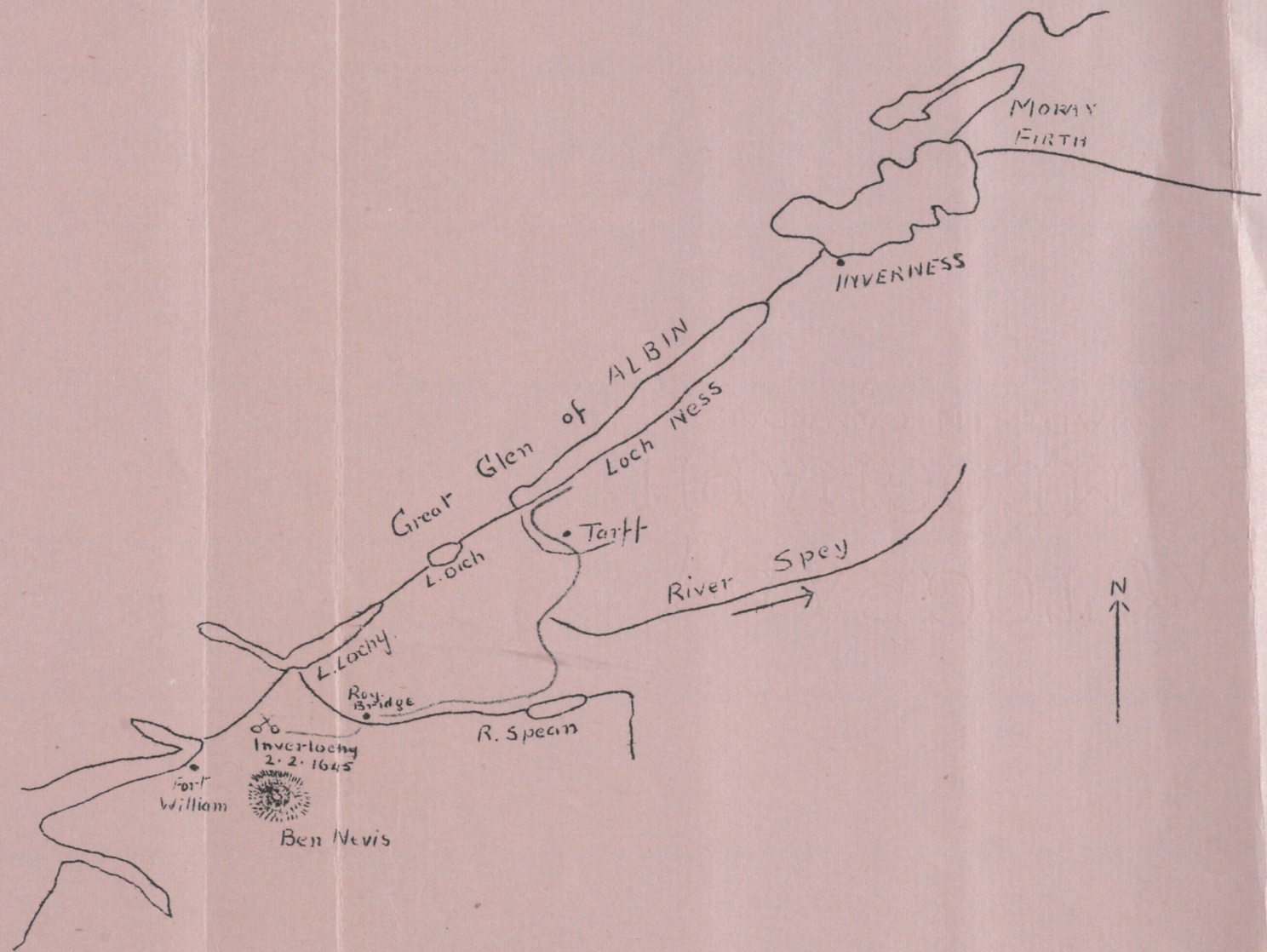
--o--

A Good Adjutant: A man who knows a little about a great deal and continues to learn less and less about more and more until he finally knows practically nothing about everything.

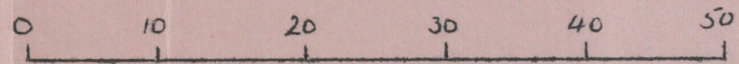
--o--

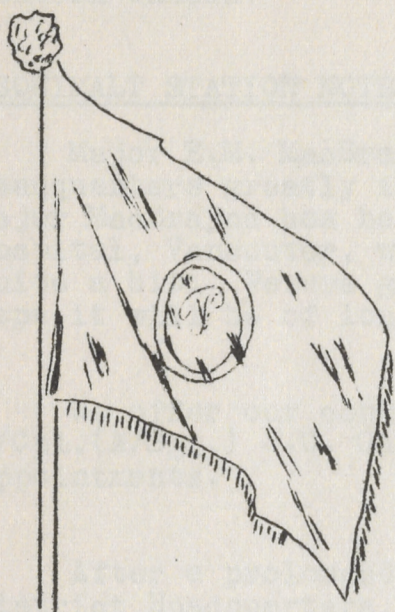
Well! we often wondered!

* * * * *



Scale of Miles





Regimental Notes.

It gives us much pleasure to reprint the following extract from "Appointments, Promotions and Retirements, Canadian Militia" as published in the "Canada Gazette":-

Branch of the General Staff,- To be Dir. of Military Training and Staff Duties, with the temp. rank of Col., whilst so employed: Maj. & Bt. Lt.-Col. G.R. Pearkes, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., P.P.C.L.I. (Secd.) from G.S.O., 1st Grade (Training). 1st Jan. 1935.

We extend our congratulations to Colonel Pearkes and wish him a pleasant and successful tour of duty in his new appointment.

-:-o:-:-

As noted in our last issue, Brigadier D.W.B. Spry, O.B.E., V.D., has been appointed District Officer Commanding, Military District No. 13. We omitted to state that this appointment took effect from 1st February 1935. We hope that by now Brigadier Spry has settled down to his new duties, and we are looking forward to seeing quite a lot of him when we go to Sarcee this summer. That is, those of us who will be fortunate enough to go.

-:-o:-:-

Captain (Temp. Major) K.C. Burness, M.C., who is at present on the Staff at the War Office, London, is expected back in Canada early in April. We note that he will be kept pretty busy during the summer on the staff of the various

special training camps that are to be held both in Eastern and Western Canada.

--o--

ESQUIMALT STATION NOTES.

Major E.M. MacBrayne, M.C., is back at his desk in District Headquarters greatly improved in health. Since our last issue Major MacBrayne has been a patient in Shaughnessy Military Hospital, Vancouver, where, we understand, he was "messed about" quite a bit. We are glad to record his speedy recovery and hope it will be of long standing.

--o--

We offer our congratulations to A/C.Q.M.S. C.F. Lawrence, A/Cpl.(A/Sgt.) J.C. Garff and L/Cpl. J.L. Cook on their recent appointments.

--o--

After a prolonged "absence" on the "employed" list at District Headquarters, L/Cpl. Linsley has recently returned to duty, his place being taken by L/Cpl. Piper. He is at present studying hard on the Royal School of Infantry, along with Ptes. Byatt, Codd and Crouch. We wish them success in their examinations.

--o--

On Tuesday, 22nd January, Major-General E.C. Ashton, C.M.G., V.D., District Officer Commanding, Military District No. 11, inspected Esquimalt Station P.P.C.L.I. Owing to bad weather, the inspection was held in Bay Street Armouries, Victoria, whither "B" Coy. and the Instructional Cadre were transported by lorries.

After the ceremonial of the inspection, General Ashton watched a demonstration of our work in Company, squad and arms drill, and spoke briefly to the Station before he left. Unfortunately, it was impossible to conduct the "field training" portion of the inspection owing to the recent storms, and we still have that to look forward to at the earliest opportunity.

--o--

In the evening a Smoking Concert was held which was an immense success. S.M.I. White filled the chair and presided over a good programme, which included an imposing presentation by the P.P.C.L.I. Light Opera Company entitled: "The Dis-Orderly Room", a cornet solo by Pte. Barnes, and vocal numbers by Captains G.E. Walls and R.L. Mitchell, Corporals Falconer, Quinn and Ross, L/Cpl. Hall and Pte. Shaw. Needless to say, there were several vocal numbers by the assembled company that were highly successful.

We were glad to have a good number of guests with us, including Majors R.O.G. Morton and W.H. Dobbie, D.S.O., and

Lieut. R.S. Dyer, R.C.A., Lieut. J.G.F. Morton, R.C.S., and Lieut. E. Cullin, B.C. Dragoons; also our old friend C.Q.M.S. C.W. Norton.

--:O--:

We offer our congratulations to the following who have been awarded the "Canadian Medal for Long Service and Good Conduct". (What did somebody say about "undetected crime?"):-

S.M.I. G.C. White, M.M.

Q.M.S.I. A.A. Smith.

--:O--:

On January 28th the Royal School of Infantry and Machine Guns had its annual influx. About 35 hopeful and determined candidates are daily crunching the gravel on the Square, - soon to be augmented by the arrival of more senior students. Though smaller than last year's school, the present students are confident that the record of the old "Alma Mater" shall not be lowered by the class of '35. We wish them every success.

--:O--:

The following recruits have been attested since the last issue of the "Patrician", and we wish them luck in their new careers:-

Pte. W.E. Barnes.

Pte. F.R. Watson.

--:O--:

We were pleased to see Lieut. H.F. Cotton who visited us in December whilst on leave. We wish more members of the Regiment from Winnipeg would spend their leave at the Coast.

--:O--:

Just as we go to press Lieut.-Colonel H.W. Niven, D.S.O., M.C., arrived from Winnipeg on his annual visit to the Coast. We are very glad to see our Commanding Officer again, and hope he will spend a good portion of his leave around Work Point.

Lieut. P.B. Coristine has also just arrived from Winnipeg on transfer to Esquimalt Station. We extend him a very hearty welcome - also Budweiser.

--:O--:

On 23rd January, Captain L.M. Black, M.C., was hurriedly called to Ottawa for special duty in connection with Unemployment Relief work. We are hoping to see him back home about the end of March.

--:O--:

Captain R.L. Mitchell has relinquished the duties of Chief Instructor at the Royal School of Infantry and Machine Guns and is now employed on U.R. duties at District Headquarters.

--:O--:

Christmas came and went with all its usual lively fun. It is wonderful how a few red and green streamers and a little extra planning can give all the world a different hue, when they are backed by the spirit of Christmas cheer and goodwill.

Major-General E.C. Ashton, C.M.G., V.D., and the officers of the Garrison paid the men's mess a visit at Dinner time, and were accompanied by many ex-members of the Regiment, including Lt.-Col. M.R. TenBroeke, M.C., Captains M.F. Macintosh and Carew Martin and Mr. Leach. It was indeed a gala day, and we look back on it with a slightly envious sigh.

-:-o-:-

The last week of the old year was spent in preparation for the advent of the C.O.T.C., who arrived on New Year's afternoon, 40 strong, accompanied by Q.M.S.I. A.A. Smith, for their annual visit. Though their stay was short, they crowded a great deal of training into each day and left on January 6th for their class-rooms and laboratories with the knowledge of a week well spent.

Lt.-Col. H.F.G. Letson, M.C., Officer Commanding, U. of B.C. Contingent, C.O.T.C., paid a visit to Work Point during the week, and saw some of the work done by the detachment.

-:-o-:-

WINNIPEG NEWS. *****

Congratulations are extended to the following members of the Regiment who have been awarded the "Canadian Medal for Long Service and Good Conduct":-

C.S.M.I. W. Cummings, Moose Jaw, Sask.
C.S.M.I. J.L. Watson, D.C.M., M.M.
Sgt. Cook. A.E. Hird.
Pte. P. Loney.
Bdsm. W.T. Hampton.
Bdsm. H.A. Robertson.

-:-o-:-

Captain M. Isbester, M.C., has been appointed G.S.O. 3rd Grade, M.D. No. 10, temporarily, during the absence of Captain R.F.L. Keller who has gone to the Staff College, Camberley.

-:-o-:-

Captain A.W. Hunt, M.M., has been appointed Adjutant vice Major J.H. Carvosso, M.C., who has taken over command of the Machine Gun Platoon.

-:-o-:-

During the absence on leave of Lieut.-Colonel H.W. Niven, D.S.O., M.C., Captain J.N. Edgar, M.C., has been detailed to command the Regiment at Winnipeg.

-:-o-:-

"A" Company.

The drill-rooms, lecture-rooms, demonstration-rooms and the stairs and passages of Fort Osborne Barracks all contribute a part towards the winter schedule of training. The programme, given briefly, is as follows:-

Mornings - Interior Economy.
Physical Training.
Light Automatic Training.
Map Reading.

Afternoons - More Interior Economy.
Rifle Exercises.
Squad Drill.
Educational Training.

On two afternoons a week classes are held for First Aid Training and Stretcher Drill. Four days a week twenty recruits proceed to Minto Street Armouries to fire their Empire Test.

-:-o:-

We congratulate the following on their well-earned promotion and wish them every success in their new capacities:-

C.S.M.(W.O.II) C. Leighton.
Sergeant R. Dunn.
Corporal H. Bennett.
L/Cpl. F.L. Mack.
L/Cpl. C. Vinals.

-:-o:-

It was with extreme regret that we bade the following "auf wieder sehen". So pleasant had our associations with them been that we could hardly realise they had been with us three years or more. We wish them every success in their new ventures and trust their future days may be continuously happy ones:-

Pte. A.H. Thompson.	Discharged to pension.
Pte. J.M. Histon.	" by purchase.
Pte. W. Burkitt.	Termination of engagement.
Pte. J. McAndless.	" "
Pte. E. Scrutton.	" "
Pte. W. Reade.	" "
Pte. G.C. McLean.	" "

-:-o:-

Particular regret was felt over the departure of Pte. J.M. Histon. We can, without fear of contradiction, safely aver that Jack, as he was more intimately known, was one of the most popular soldiers in the Regiment. We had grown to regard him almost as one regards an old landmark, and our loss will be a deep one.

-:-o:-

The undermentioned recruits have been taken on strength during the last three months:-

Pte. Sharpe, W.	Pte. Lilly, V.C.	Pte. Fox, A.P.
Pte. Comar, J.	Pte. Buce, E.A.	Pte. McNultz, W.
Pte. D'Armour, R.	Pte. Kidd, E.R.	Pte. Baldwin, G.
Pte. Savage, J.	Pte. Montgomery, A.	Pte. Elsworth, J.
Pte. Peters, F.C.	Pte. Hunter, H.	Pte. Bobby, W.K.
Pte. MacPherson, K.	Pte. Bailey, J.	Pte. Kelso, H.

We hope most sincerely their sojourn with the Regiment will be a happy one.

It is interesting to learn that many of the above are now able to consort with the trained soldiers. This happy state of affairs has been brought about by Numbers One and Two Squads successfully passing their examinations recently.

So elated had one of the recruits become that he dared to greet an old soldier of three years service with an affable "good-morning, Bill", and even went so far as to sit at the same dining table with him.

This, as far as we can ascertain, creates a precedence in military history.

--o--

The undermentioned passed their classification tests in December last and are now fully fledged Regimental Signallers:-

Sgt. Crundall, F.A.	Sgt. Dunn, R.
L/Cpl. Vinals, C.	Pte. Campbell, A.
Pte. Cameron, W.	Pte. Mensforth, W.
Pte. McCarthy, S.	Pte. Rogers, F.
Pte. Smith, A.G.	

--o--

The fact the King's New Year Honours List did not contain the name of Pte. A. Campbell as being elevated to that select coterie known as the Married Establishment is, we feel sure, an oversight on the part of the Lord Chamberlain's department. Pte. Campbell came "on the Strength" on the 1st January. We consider this starting the New Year well!

--o--

The usual winter course commenced at the Royal School of Infantry and Machine Guns on 28th January. Sgt. Dunn, R., and Cpl. Miller, G., have been attached as instructors.

--o--

The Physical Training Class have been undergoing intensive training preparatory to giving a demonstration in the near future. These demonstrations are becoming an annual affair and are eagerly looked forward to by a great number of the citizens of Winnipeg.

--o--

Machine Gun Platoon.

We were very pleased to hear from Lieut. Andrews the other day and learn that he had distinguished himself at Netheravon. We trust he will be equally successful at Hythe. From short accounts trickling over the "Old Herring Pond" periodically, we hear that his Skiing (or is it She-ing?) efforts whilst on leave in the Austrian Tyrol were most (em)bracing and enjoyable. We shall certainly be looking forward to his early return, that he may impart his lately acquired knowledge (in training - I mean).

-:-o-:-

The Platoon personnel have been extremely busy of late. With the I.C. Engine Course in full swing together with M.G. Training, Education, N.C.Os. classes under the R.S.M., etc.

Our recruit Machine Gunners on the I.C. Course have recently developed Mech-Mindedness, and such words as Epicyclic, Differential, Tee Dee Cee, etc., are as common as - well - "Has anyone seen Mr. Tunnah?". One of our bright students, Mac-Something is his name, was asked the other day, on an Electricity and Magnetism lecture, the meaning of "OHM" to which he promptly replied: "It was the place where Mother lived".

So much for this issue; shall be with you again soon, with more notes, and, perhaps, brighter humour.

-:-o-:-

Sergeants' Mess.

A very successful Social was held in the Mess during December. The following were prize winners:-

Mrs. Gambles.	Sgt. Bliss, F.
Mrs. Peterson.	Sgt. Butler, G.W.H.F.
Mrs. Clifford.	Sgt. Instr. Gardner, O.

Another Social and Whist Drive was held in the Mess on Friday, 25th January, when the members of the Sergeants' Mess of Lord Strathcona's Horse, together with their families, were entertained. The attendance was between seventy and eighty, and the evening was voted an immense success.

-:-o-:-

During December a special Smoking Concert was held in honour of C.S.M. E. Ryan, who was recently discharged to pension with a total of 38 years service.

As a token of appreciation and thanks for all he had accomplished for the Regiment, R.S.M. McCulloch, on behalf of the members of the Mess, presented him with a very handsome silver tray suitably inscribed.

C.S.M. Ryan has had a very adventurous and coloured career - we wonder whether he will turn author and present to the world

the story of his life. Written unaffectedly and in his own inimitable vernacular, the book should prove a refreshingly humorous and popular one. What about it, Ted?

--o--

Another very successful Smoker was held in December when the Mess was host to the Sergeants of the Winnipeg Grenadiers. The entertainers were Q.M.S.I. J. Harper, C.S.M. C. Leighton and Sgt. J. Reading. Mr. Burgess accompanied on the piano.

--o--

On New Year's Day the Members of the Mess were "At Home" to their friends, after which a party visited the various N.P.A.M. Messes expending the compliments of the season. According to reports a very happy and care-free time was enjoyed by everybody. The most popular song on the programme for the day was "Come Landlord fill the Flowing Bowl" - slightly out of tune, perhaps - but what's a semi-tone or two between friends?

--o--

The Annual Christmas Dinner was held on January 4th, and, as is usual at this time of the year, was a most enjoyable celebration. Among the guests were: Lieut.-Colonel H.W. Niven, D.S.O., M.C., Major J.H. Carvosso, M.C., Captain J.N. Edgar, M.C., Captain (D. of M.) T.W. James, Lieut. A.H. Fraser and Mr. W. Gange.

--o--

A new radio has been installed in the Mess and is proving quite a valuable asset, and a great improvement over the old one.

The Mess Library is being kept up to date and continues to be an almost inexhaustible source of pleasant diversion. We take this opportunity of congratulating the Library Committee for their good work.

--o--

Band Notes.

During the last quarter the Band has fulfilled many engagements in Winnipeg and vicinity, among which were the opening of the new radio station C.K.Y., on 1st December, the Regimental Christmas Tree for the children on 21st December, the Reception given by the Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba at Government House on 1st January, and many Club and School Educational programmes.

--o--

The Band is more than a little proud of Musician H. Armstrong who is now an active member of the Board of Directors of the St. James Horticultural Society.

Last year he was very successful as a gardener, winning third prize in the Garden Competition and two first prizes in the Horticultural Exhibition held in the Deer Lodge Curling

Rink. He finished the season by annexing the Winnipeg Horticultural Society's silver cup for the best Amateur Display at their annual show held at the T. Eaton Co.

-:-o:-

First Aid books are now being resurrected from the gloomy depths of barrack boxes, and on Monday and Tuesday afternoons the Band may be seen either studying the science of physiology and anatomy or going through the intricate movements of stretcher drill. So far the lectures have been confined chiefly to the text book, but the inimitable Dean Swift has promised to bring out that "skeleton from the closet".

Mike Toohey has approached the gardener in the Band to ascertain if it is possible to raise "hops" in his back garden.

Since the first aid lectures commenced, if anyone has a broken limb, Bertie has guaranteed to "fix it".

-:-o:-

Overheard on P.T. Class:irate Instructor - "You're in the infantry now, not the Band!"

-:-o:-

General.

"It's a small world!" Don't you believe that trite expression. It's an immense world! Half of us don't know what the other fellow is doing, nor where he is doing it.

The other day a member of the "Patrician" staff came across with this: "What about the Permanent Force Instructors in Vancouver. Why not let some of our readers know who you are and what you do."

Fancy that! And we thought the whole world knew just how many eggs we made a frontal attack on every morning for breakfast. With a generous genuflection we unload this squib.

The following are the members of the P.P.C.L.I. Instructional Cadre who are stationed in Vancouver:-

Q.M.S.Is. G.A. Carr, M.M., W. Frost, A.A. Smith and C.S.M.I. G.W. Hawkes. Activities? Carr's chief concern in the daytime is to see that no cobwebs festoon the well-known Remington up at 23rd Infantry Brigade Headquarters. Four nights a week he is on parade with different infantry units. Frost is up at the Normal School in the morning and is on U.R. work in the afternoon at Brigade Headquarters. Hawkes is engaged in a similar manner. Smith is at the University of B.C. with the C.O.T.C. Duties with Garrison Units other than infantry, attendance at Blair Range for competitions and classification are carried out as required. So now you know all about the Terminal City squad.

G.A.C.

* * * * *

* * * * *

THE COWARD

A Story,

By

Cpl. L.C. Morrison.

(Note: This story has been dramatized by the author and was presented over the Regional Network of the Canadian Radio Commission from C.K.Y. Winnipeg, on the 17th October 1934.)

Captain John Hildyard, D.S.O., of the Indian Forestry Service, looked up from his book with a start. The door of the verandah had opened and a man crept in. He was naked except for the usual loin-cloth, and his brown skin shone like burnished copper. In one hand he held a revolver.

"Good Lord" ejaculated the startled Hildyard, "what the devil do you want, boy?" He half rose from his chair, his hand automatically travelled to his holster.

"Alright, Hildyard, let that alone. I've got you covered." The voice was European - "Move as much as an eyelid and you're a dead man."

Hildyard obeyed, too flabbergasted for words.

"You know me alright, Hildyard" the intruder went on, "I'm your assistant, DeVette - the stupid Dutchman, as you called me. I resent that very much, Hildyard, very much indeed. But I was not in a position to protest. Now the tables are turned. Tonight you die. Understand? You die."

Captain Hildyard stared at the man incredulously. Had he gone mad; had the sun got him? He regained his composure. "Put that gun down, DeVette" he ordered "and explain yourself. What the deuce are you doing in that disguise?"

DeVette gave a peculiar laugh. "Part of my plan to kill you, Captain Hildyard. Thought I had gone on furlough to Darjeeling, eh? Well, you're wrong. I've covered my tracks nicely. No one has seen me enter your bungalow to-night. If they have - well! they can but tell the Coroner that it was only a native. By that time I'll be away up in the hills. Not quite so stupid as you gave me credit for being, eh! Hildyard?"

The eyes of the man in the chair never flickered. He spoke slowly - "Why do you wish to kill me, DeVette?"

"Why do I wish to kill you?" repeated DeVette, "Why? I'll tell you why. Because I hate you, loath you. I hate your damned aristocratic way, the impertinent way you order me around.

Your very eyes, your lips - every damned thing about you." The venom in the man's soul was reflected in his cruel face. "Particularly" he went on "do I hate the airs and graces you put on at the club; the way you ingratiate yourself with Joan Restall. She loves you. And why? Because you pose as being such a good man. She thinks you are brave, wonderful, heroic."

"But why kill me" interposed Hildyard calmly, "what good will that do?"

"Because" DeVette hissed the words "because I, too, love Joan Restall. With you out of the way I might stand a chance -"

"Wait a minute", the Captain interrupted, "am I hearing rightly? Am I to understand that you, my assistant, contemplate murdering me in cold blood? Sounds like a cheap drama, you know the kind I mean, DeVette, those penny blood and thunder affairs we used to see in the good old days, when the villain -"

"Shut up, will you!" snapped DeVette "and crack your damned funny jokes when you're asked, and not until. I have not much time to waste. Penny drama, eh! Well, we shall see. Ever seen a play where the hero does not escape? If not, this is one. Understand?" He levelled the revolver.

"I've heard so much about your bravery during the War", he continued, "that I'm just about sick of it. How the brave Captain did this" - he was sneering now - "how the brave Captain laughed defiantly at death, when he charged a machine gun nest, - how the dear brave Captain went valiantly over the top to bring in a wounded brother officer. Bah!" he spat contemptuously, "You make me sick - you, and your confounded bravery - your facing death calmly - your D.S.O. Fed up with it all, do you hear?"

He approached the man in the chair stealthily - sinisterly. Within a few feet of him he stopped and chuckled. "At last I have turned the tables. And to-night you die. Are you afraid?"

Hildyard shrugged his shoulders. "DeVette, I am a fatalist. What will be, will be. If it is my fate to-night to die at your hands - well, that is Kismet. As my friends at the club say, I have faced death a thousand and one times. And I can again face it with the same calm equanimity. I am not frightened."

The man with the revolver retreated nearer the door. "Alright," he said "have your little say. In a minute from now you will be dead, and I am going to enjoy every fraction of the sixty seconds watching you prepare to die. You laugh at death, eh! Ah, I think I see you go white. Your eyes look queer. They are strained. Is that your pulse throbbing, at the side of your forehead?"

"Just a minute, DeVette." Hildyard was quite calm - nevertheless, there was a strange look in his eyes. "I want to ask you a personal question. Are you prepared to die too?"

"Not yet, my heroic Captain, I have much to live for. I am still young yet - I have lots to look forward to. Life, love, and of course, Joan." He smiled.

"Well, listen, DeVette" Hildyard replied, "if you do wish to live, don't move. If you do - you die a horrible death."

DeVette shrugged his shoulders. "So, right up to the last moment, the gallant Captain endeavours to gamble with the odds against him. Why attempt to bluff, Hildyard? That will achieve you nothing."

"Don't be a fool DeVette, and listen to me. I am not bluffing. Within a few feet of you there is a huge cobra. If you move he will strike - and you know what kind of a death that means. On the other hand" he continued, noting the growing horror in the others eyes, "trust me - I've never given you cause to mistrust me yet - to get my revolver and I'll shoot the thing from here. Now then, what is it to be?"

DeVette swayed, slightly. "Damn you," he swore, "you are bluffing. There is no cobra. You are bluffing, I tell you, bluffing." He tried to speak calmly, but Hildyard detected the unmistakable nervousness in the halting voice.

"DeVette" Hildyard spoke deliberately - coldly. "I tell you there is a cobra within a few feet of you. A deadly, poisonous cobra. I am not bluffing. Let me use my revolver."

Little beads oozed from DeVette's naked body, dripped, stained with dye upon his loin-cloth. The revolver trembled slightly.

"Will you let me shoot? Hildyard's voice seemed far away - DeVette rocked on his heels.

"Keep still, you damn fool."

Hildyard's hand went to his holster; he ignored the quaking coward before him.

DeVette observed the action through terror-stricken eyes, His fingers pressed the trigger.

"You lie, damn you, you lie." he spat.

A shot broke the silence. The next moment DeVette crashed upon the cocoa-nut matting. He had fainted.

Quickly, it's green eyes flashing, the snake glided towards

(Continued on page 105)

O l d



P. P. 'S.

"Ex-P.P. Again Under Fire."
 * * * * *

An attempt by two bandits to hold up the Canadian Bank of Commerce branch at Victoria Drive and Forty-First Avenue, Vancouver, on January 11th, failed when Manager H.W. Morden showed signs of resistance. One shot fired at the manager missed its mark and the gunmen fled without obtaining any money.

Police reported the bandits had commandeered a taxicab and had forced the driver to enter the bank with them.

Mr. Morden stated he and the teller, J.W. Anderson, were busy with several customers when the men entered, and one of them, approaching him, announced, "This is a stick-up."

The manager said he picked up a ledger, behind which he moved towards a drawer where his own revolver was kept. As he did so one of the gunmen started towards the door, while the other fired point-blank at Mr. Morden, the bullet passing through his left coat sleeve and lodging in a desk. Both men then turned and fled, escaping in the commandeered taxi.

Well, well! just like old times.

--O--

Charlie Palmer, Secretary, P.P.C.L.I. Association in Vancouver, advises that a meeting of the Association will be held at the Canadian Legion, Seymour Street at 2000 hours on Wednesday, February 13th.

Agenda: Organization; Election of Officers; arrangements for the Annual Dinner, which is to be held at the Canadian Legion on Saturday, 16th March.

--O--

Mr. Lyle Fraser, President, P.P.C.L.I. Association in Vancouver, (544 Howe St.), reports that Tommy Burns, ex-bombing sergeant, was a recent visitor. He has been engaged in placer mining up in the Cariboo. He is staying at 1027 Howe St. Bring your nuggets to the Annual Dinner, Tommy!

Another visitor was Reg. Boyce, 4th University Company. He left the Regiment on the Somme in 1916. He is now with the Department of Pensions and National Health at Edmonton, Alta.

-:-o-:-

PATRICIA CLUB, WINNIPEG

At a meeting of the Winnipeg Patricia Club held on Friday, 1st February 1935, the following slate of officers was appointed for the coming year:

President: W.H. Anderson.
 Vice President: J.S. Small.
 Sec. Treas.: R.G. Barclay.
 Executive: J.S. Fuller.
 Capt. J.N. Edgar, M.C.
 W. Sterling.
 F. Hinds.

The past president, J.S. Fuller, in his annual report outlined briefly the activities of the Club during the past year. He observed the pride with which members of the Club had joined the parade of the present Unit at the presentation of the new colours at the Armouries, Winnipeg, last spring.

Also he trusted that the occasion of the annual Church Parade of the Regiment in Winnipeg, in commemoration of the battle of Frezenberg, will continue to be attended by the members of the Regiment with the same spirit in the future as that displayed in the past.

The retiring president expressed a desire for further co-operation with Patricia Clubs already established in other centres; he also hoped that the incoming committee would be able to arrange a suitable occasion for the purpose of celebrating the Regiment's "coming of age" during the present year.

Nominal Roll and original numbers and platoons of members present follows:-

No. 460441.	W.H. Anderson.	M.G. Platoon.
" 790.	E. Smith.	No. 5 "
" 460689.	E.J. Conway.	" 1 "
" 410942.	C. Bradford.	" 16 "
" 1578.	S. Coffee	" 13 "
" 506.	W.H. Niven.	" 5 "
" 644.	W. Harry.	" 5 "
" 792.	C. Spurgeon	" 5 "
" 1615.	S. Paterson.	" 13 "
" 51442.	W. Scott.	" 11 "
" 460383.	B. Sherling.	" 3 "

No.	51116.	J. Carvosso.	No.	16	Platoon.
"	507.	J. Edgar.	"	7	"
"	475304.	J.C. Fuller.	"	7	"
"	1019.	A. Arnold.	"	9	"
"	1609.	S.F. Muddeman.	"	13	"
"	51204.	F. Hinds.	"	6	"
"	51214.	W. Huxley.	"	8	"
"	261600.	E. Jackson.	"	7	"
"	460020.	C.J. Bech.	"	6	"
"	1554.	F. Murphy.	"	15	"
"	475306.	W. Crawford.	"	7	"
"	487341.	J. Kay.	"	3	"
"	20669.	G. Standing.	"	11	"
"	487394.	G. Barclay.	"	4	"
"	697.	J.S. Small.	"	7	"

R.G.B.

* * * * *

S P O R T *****

SOCCER.

The PENDRAY CUP series was to have commenced on the 16th January, 1935, but owing to the inclement weather, teams in the Victoria & District Wednesday Football League did not get started until the 30th. January. The Garrison team losing the first two games of the series. The first game with Spencers was a hard fought match with the Garrison losing out by the odd goal in three. In the second game, the Outer Wharf Rangers caught the Garrison team off form and scored more goals against them than any other team in the past two seasons. The score being 3-0. However with the institution of some practice now and again we are hoping they will retrieve their losses in no uncertain manner.

RUGBY.

After a lay-off of several weeks the Garrison Senior Rugby team went into action on Saturday, February 2nd, when they met the 16th Canadian Scottish in the first round of the Cowichan Trophy. The Ruggers are determined to lift the "Trophy" this season and brushed aside the first obstacle by defeating the "Scottish", 3 points to nil. As usual when these teams met it was a hard fought game. A nice try by Snow in the first half deciding the issue. Garrison forwards played their usual strong game, and though the rearranged back division threw the ball around freely, and backed up well, the lack of practice was evident, their passing being often badly timed and ragged.

Congratulations to Pte. W. Teskey on being selected to play for Victoria "Rep" team.

Our intermediate team have yet to break into the win column, the experience of their opponents being too much for them. However it takes constant practice to build a smooth working team, and we are confident they will give a good account of themselves before the season is finished.

AROUND THE GARRISON

During January the Barrack Square has been greatly in demand and within the last week or so most of the Units have completed their Annual Inspection by the District Officer Commanding and settled down again to a routine of Royal and Provisional Schools, U.E.R. and regular garrison duties.

--o--

The annual inspection of the R.C.A. was carried out by the D.O.C., M.D. No. 11, on Thursday, 31st January. The morning was largely taken up with the parade of the Unit of the Garrison Parade Ground; 60-Pdr. Gun Drill and inspection of offices, buildings, books, etc.; the afternoon being spent in visiting the various outforts.

--o--

On January 11th, a Battery Smoker was held to bid farewell to B.S.M. T. Bradley, who proceeded on furlough on January 10th pending discharge to pension with 35 years service.

Master Gunner H. Collings occupied the Chair.

Among the invited guests were Major-General E.C. Ashton, C.M.G., V.D., D.O.C., M.D. No. 11, and Major R.O.G. Horton, G.S.O., M.D. No. 11.

--o--

Major (D.O.) J.G. Rycroft, R.C.A., D.M.I.O., M.D. No. 11, has been appointed Esquimalt Garrison Adjutant.

--o--

A Provisional School of Artillery, Anti-Aircraft, commenced on January 7th, 1935, at Victoria, with 3 officers and 10 other ranks attending. Major (D.O.) J.G. Rycroft, R.C.A. is conducting the School assisted by Sgt. J. Middleton, R.C.A.

--o--

L/Bdr. R. Croft, R.C.A., returned to Esquimalt from Ottawa on January 9th, having completed the Annual Survey Course. We hope L/Bdr. Croft was successful in obtaining the much-coveted certificate.

--o--

The "Jeanne d'Arc", the French Naval Training Cruiser which recently visited in British Columbia waters, did not pay a call at Esquimalt, but "hove to" off the entrance to Victoria harbour on January 11th, on her way South, to fire a salute of twenty-one guns, which was returned from Work Point by the 5th Heavy Battery, R.C.A. Many of us were disappointed at missing a good look at the "Jeanne d'Arc", which excited so much favourable comment in Vancouver, but their schedule did not permit of a call at this port.

--o--

With great regret we announce the death of Q.M.S. E.A. Locke, R.C.E. at Royal Jubilee Hospital on January 8th. The funeral was held from St. Paul's Naval and Garrison church on the 10th January 1935, to the C.P.R. dock, whence the remains were sent to Vancouver for cremation. Major-General E.C. Ashton C.M.G. V.D. and several officers of the Garrison, as well as all ranks No.11 Detachment R.C.E. attended the service

-:-0:-:-

We have certainly had some cold weather around here, decidedly frigid, in fact; and the stories told of mishaps, humorous and otherwise, are as the sands of the seas in number. But from the mysterious depths of one of our nearby Forts comes a tale of a Gunner who woke up one morning to find his teeth frozen solid.

And just as we were producing the "I-don't-believe-you" look we usually reserve for Orderly Room, we realized that they were false. Moral-don't leave your teeth on the bureau in a glass of water.

-:-0:-:-

We extend our congratulations to the following N.C.Os. who have been awarded the "Canadian Medal for Long Service and good Conduct":-

S/Sgt. A.R. Hooper, R.C.A.S.C.

S/Sgt. J.M. Grant, R.C.A.P.C.

-:-0:-:-

Congratulations are also extended to Sgt. E.B. Chalmers, Canadian Scottish Regiment on being awarded the "Colonial Auxiliary Forces Long Service Medal", and to the following personnel of the Canadian Scottish Regiment who have been awarded the "Efficiency Medal":-

A/Sgt. W. Davidson.

Bdsm. J. Culross.

Bdsm. R.A. Leahy.

Bdsm. D.C. Rife.

Bdsm. J.A. Watson.

-:-0:-:-



History

"THE LAST SIX WEEKS"

The last chapter of the Regiment's fighting history of the Great War falls into two parts: the five weeks following its withdrawal, desperately crippled, from TILLOY; and the last five days of the war. From October 1st to 19th, it bivouacked and reorganized in the area behind the Hindenburg Line, and on the 20th, with the remainder of the 7th Brigade, moved towards the Front, now fast receding Eastward. A tour of duty in Brigade reserve, with the provision of many working parties for building roads, &c., and five days in billets at ARENBURG, occupied the time until the 7th of November.

On this date a partial relief was carried out. The 7th Brigade took over the frontage between the MONS road and LA CROIX and the Patricia's now found themselves in the van of the advance.

During the night of the 6th/7th November, the Patricia's relieved the 4th C.M.R., in the area of QUEVRAIN and prepared for an advance on the morrow. A barrage time-table had been worked out, but Lieut. A.J. Kelly, M.C., and the Regimental Scouts, who moved off some time before the main body, found that the first point of resistance was already abandoned. Reports rapidly came back calling for the companies to advance, and THULIN and MONTROEUL were cleared early in the night of the 7th/8th.

The entry into THULIN of Lieut. Kelly and his scouts about 11.00 p.m., was a complete surprise to the enemy. "Their arrival at this hour" says General Loomis's report "was evidently quite unexpected by the enemy, and in spite of efforts on the part of their officers to rally the men, the entire garrison, estimated at 300, fled in disorder."

The advance continued at amazing speed. The village and wood of HAININ fell to Nos. 1 and 2 companies at 8.00 a.m. on the 8th and, thanks to the "energetic assistance" of the mobile artillery, the companies broke through the next line of defence and late that night reached BOUSSU. During the afternoon advance, the Patricia's encountered a good deal of machine gun fire, but the total losses for the day were three men wounded and Lieut. B. Stevens, D.C.M., wounded and taken prisoner.

The Regiment was now detailed to form a defensive flank along the southern bank of the CONDÉ Canal. This task left their left flank dangerously in the air, a condition that was relieved, however, by the 49th Battalion, which arrived on our left late that night after a splendid forced march.

On November 9th the advance reached its peak. BOUSSU was cleared before daylight. HORNU, St. GHISTLAIN, WASNUEL, QUAREGNON, JEMAPPES and FLENU were all occupied by early afternoon. By 5.00 p.m. the patrols were far ahead of JEMAPPES and the 8th Brigade, C.F.A., was in the eastern outskirts of this town firing over open sights at the enemy machine guns on the railway embankment near CUESMES. By nightfall all the companies had a foothold in the western outskirts of MONS, but the advance was slowing up, and a stiffening resistance showed that without reinforcements and a fresh effort the enemy was not to be driven from the city.

The Patricia's, in a little more than forty-eight hours, had advanced well over ten miles on a frontage more than two miles wide. The recommendations of the Commanding Officer of the Regiment show, as might be expected, that many opportunities presented themselves for individual acts of gallantry and intelligent leadership, especially to the patrols. As instances: C.S.M. J. Crawford, M.M., came upon a party of the enemy near JEMAPPES, rushed forward, fought them single-handed and captured several. Going on alone, he stalked two outposts and made them prisoners. Later yet he broke up a larger enemy patrol; and on the night of the 9th/10th, in the suburbs of MONS, "he remained at a point of great danger and encouraged the men to hold their position until daylight, against four counter-attacks." C.Q.M.S. A.G. Meecham distinguished himself by standing at the head of ration mules while they were being unloaded under heavy machine gun fire in the outskirts of MONS, thus preventing a stampede. Cpl. J.G. Tapp rushed a machine gun in the BOIS d'HAININ on November 8th, under cover of the rifle fire of his section, and demolished the gun and its crew. Capt. K.C. Burness with a small party of scouts attacked a large body of the enemy on November 9th, killing three and forcing fifty more to abandon the houses which they were holding.

On the night of November 9th/10th, relief was carried out by The R.C.R. of Nos. 1, 2 and 3 companies, and these withdrew to JEMAPPES. The 42nd Battalion came up from reserve, and the net of the 3rd Canadian Division was drawn tighter by the capture of GHLIN. No. 4 Company, P.P.C.L.I., now in sight of MONS railway station, though technically relieved, was anxious to be in at the finish and was allowed to remain by courtesy of the 42nd Battalion. Severe machine gun fire and shelling continued until 5.00 p.m., bringing more casualties, but the patrols gradually dislodged the enemy from his posts near the canal and railway station.

The Regiment was now detailed to form a defensive flank along the southern bank of the OUBA Canal. This task left their left flank dangerously in the air, a condition that was relieved, however, by the 8th Battalion, which arrived on our left late that night after a splendid forced march.

On November 25th the advance reached its peak. HOUSE was cleared before daylight. HOUSE, ST. CHRISTIAN, WASHLEY, QUARRISON, JEFFES and KLEIN were all occupied by early afternoon. By 3.00 p.m. the patrol was far ahead of JEFFES and the 8th Brigade. O.F.A. was in the eastern outskirts of this town lying over open fields at the enemy machine guns on the railway embankment near QUARRISON. By nightfall all the companies had a foothold in the western outskirts of HOUSE, but the advance was slowing up, and a waiting resistance showed that without reinforcements and a fresh effort the enemy was not to be driven from the city.

The Battalion's, in a little more than forty-eight hours, had advanced well over ten miles on a frontage more than two miles wide. The recommendations of the Commanding Officer of the Battalion show, as might be expected, that many opportunities presented themselves for individual acts of gallantry and intelligent leadership, especially to the patrol. As witnesses: C.E.M. J. Stewart, M.C., came upon a party of the enemy near JEFFES, rushed forward, fought them single-handed and captured several. Going on alone, he attacked two machine-guns and made them prisoners. Later he took up a larger enemy patrol and on the night of the 27th, in the suburbs of HOUSE, he remained at a point of great danger and encouraged the men to hold their position until daylight. Another lone combatant, C.E.M. J. Stewart, distinguished himself by standing at the head of a patrol which, with very light unloading rifles, heavy machine-guns and the outskirts of HOUSE, thus preventing a breakthrough. On the 26th, JEFFES needed a machine-gun in the HOUSE BARRIERS on November 26th, under cover of the rifle fire of his section, and demolished the gun and its crew. Capt. H.O. BURNHAM with a small party of scouts effected a large body of the enemy on November 26th, killing three and taking fifty more to abandon the houses which they were holding.

On the night of November 27th, relief was carried out by the R.O.C. of Nov. 1, 2 and 3 companies, and these withdrew to JEFFES. The 8th Battalion came up from reserve, and the rest of the 2nd Canadian Division was drawn higher by the capture of GULIM. No. 4 Company, I.P.C.I.I., now in sight of MOORE railway station, though technically relieved, was anxious to be in at this finish and was allowed to remain by courtesy of the 8th Battalion. Before machine-gun fire and shelling continued until 3.00 p.m., bringing more casualties, but the patrol steadily dislodged the enemy from his posts near the canal and railway station.

With nightfall the end came quickly. The 42nd Battalion, No. 4 Company of the Patricia's, and a company of The Royal Canadian Regiment all broke across the canal bridges between midnight and 8.00 a.m. The few machine gun and sniping detachments left behind as a rear guard were killed, captured or dispersed; and just after daybreak the pipers of the 42nd played their battalion through the streets of the city "creating the wildest enthusiasm."

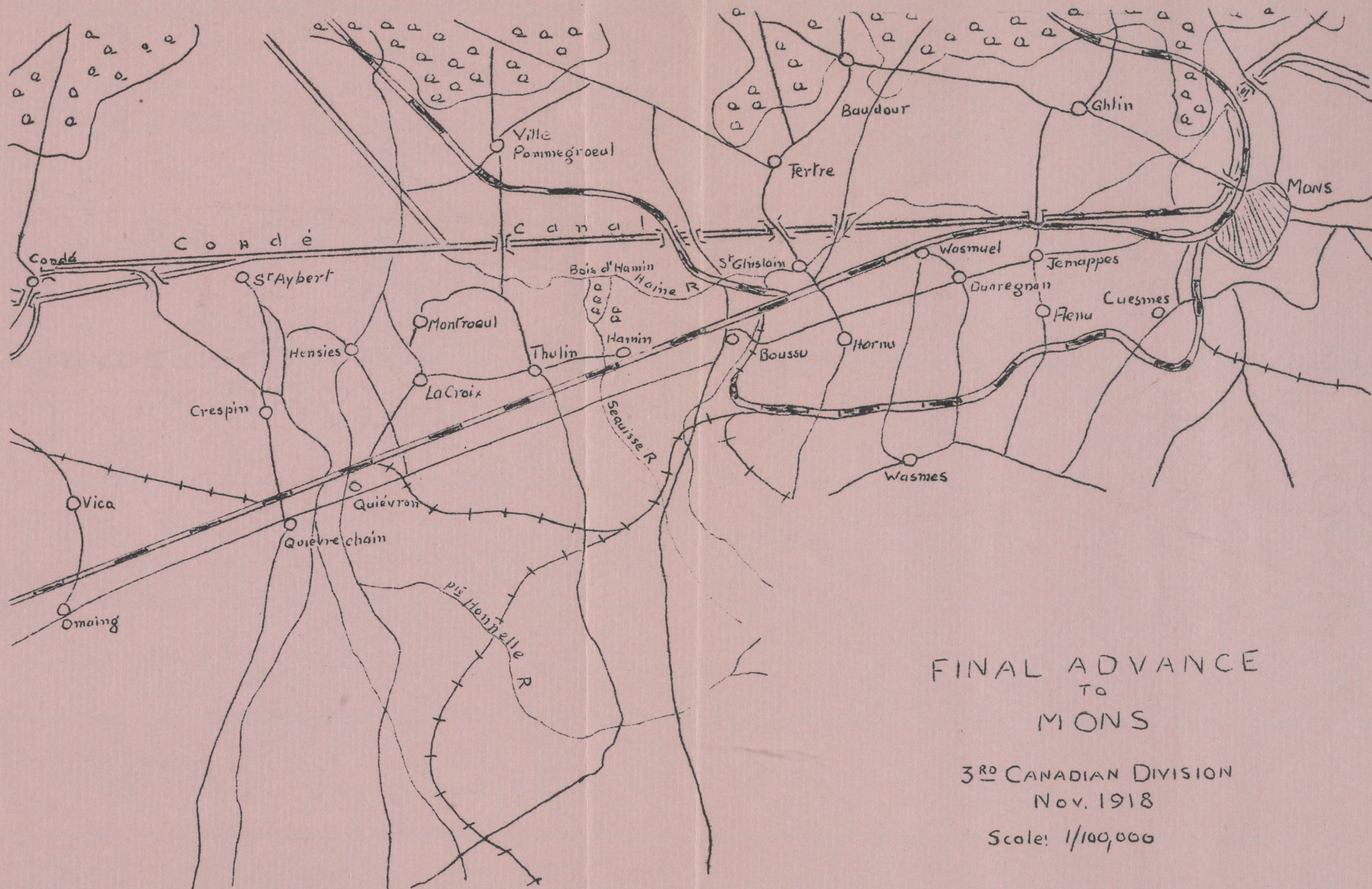
The message announcing the Armistice reached Regimental H.Q. about 9.00 a.m. on the morning of the 11th, but Captain Little and his Adjutant, not long asleep for the first time in several days "were so tired out that they did not realize for a while just what it meant", and, after passing the word on, turned over and went to sleep again. They were not allowed to sleep long. The news was everywhere in a few minutes; JEMAPPES went mad with enthusiasm; and instructions soon arrived for a Brigade parade in MONS. That parade, held in the city square, was a thrilling and soldierly finale, with a romantic touch provided by the presence of a detachment of the 5th Lancers, who had been at MONS in August 1914.

-:-o-:-

Final list of decorations awarded in the Regiment in connection with the final advance and after the Armistice:-

Member of the Victorian Order: Capt. G.W. Little, M.C.
 Bar to Military Cross: Captains J.N. Edgar, M.C. and K.C. Burness, M.C., and Lieut. J.H. Carvosso, M.C.
 Military Cross: Major A.G. Pearson, D.C.M., Lieuts. M.L. Hancock, and R.S. MacPherson, and R.S.M. F. Gillingham, DCM.
 Distinguished Conduct Medal: C.S.M. C. Spurgeon, C.Q.M.S. G. Rowley, and Pte. J. Randall.
 Bar to Military Medal: C.S.M. J. Crawford, M.M.
 Military Medal: C.Q.M.S. A.G. Meachem, Sgts. G. Coops and W. Dick. Cpls. G.I. Brewster, J. Callahan, C. Shuttleworth, R. Symons and J.G. Tapp. L/Cpl. F. Sealey, Ptes. J.H. Barnes, L.E. Belney, C. Collins, S.A. Christofferson, D.M. Cunningham, C.G. Schmitt, G. Stewart, W.J. Wilson and H. Woodacre.
 Meritorious Service Medal: R.Q.M.S. E.L. White, C.Q.M.S. A.G. Meachem, M.M., Sgts. F.M. Gerrie and J. Ritchie, Ptes. A.M. Francis, C. Joy and W.T. Pidduck.
 Belgian Croix de Guerre: Cpls. T.R. Brasnet and A. des Forges.

* * * * *
 * * * * *



FINAL ADVANCE TO MONS

3RD CANADIAN DIVISION
Nov. 1918

Scale: 1/100,000

I Take My Pen In Hand . . .

The other day I received from the Editor a note asking me to prepare an article dealing with the activities centred around the P.P.C.L.I. any week day morning at Fort Osborne. As he had guaranteed me a dollar per word and all expenses, I thought I would be unwise to turn the job down. So here I am, coat off, shirt sleeves rolled up, beads of perspiration on my forehead and pounding away at Harriet (that's my nickname for the jolly old Underwood) trying to earn a cool thousand or two.

To be conservative I should begin this article with a description of what transpires at six o'clock in the morning, or in military parlance, at 0600 hours. However, as the real activity of the day doesn't actually commence until after 0900 hours, I think I had better begin with that time. Let us imagine then that it is 0900 hours.

To obtain the best results and so gain a thorough knowledge of this hive of industry, we will enter the barracks by the North...or is it South...South-East or?---any way it doesn't matter very much, my orientation was always bad. So, to save any argument we'll enter by the door nearest to the parade square. A warm aroma will greet your nostrils, but you must not be too critical..it is only the steam from the radiators.

We go along a very short corridor and take a sharp turn to our left. We enter through another door and find ourselves in a little cubby hole known as the tailor-shop. You will probably find it very "close" in here but you will readily understand that when I explain the occupant is a great admirer of Robbie Burns. Now here is a fact that will strike you as almost phenomenal. Wherever we go you will find that our affable greeting of "good morning" is always replied to by the question "What do you know"?

The question is darkly given and hints subtly at plots and counter-plots, but is not to be regarded seriously. He may be asking you for the latest development of the Saar situation or if you've heard when Tubby Owens comes out of hospital. A great fellow, Tubby...a stout fellow.....a very stout fellow. But all this is by the way.

After thanking our host the tailor, for his very generous hospitality (we thought it had a nice smooth flavour) we continue our perambulations. A few yards along another corridor, turn to our right and we are in the Pioneer Sergeant's emporium. After the usual greeting and the reply "What do you know" we get down to real business. A really splendid raconteur of deliciously fresh anecdotes, he entertains us royally. But despite his jollity we detect a slightly lugubrious expression in his eyes. Upon enquiry we learn that his "trusty assistant" has not been anywhere near him for the last few days and he is rather

put out. He explains that he misses the valued advice and the thoughtful manner in which this assistant used to pass up the hammer and hold up the nails. We are in the midst of sympathising with him when we are suddenly interrupted by a violent out-burst of song.

But our fears are soon dispersed. It is only the shoe-maker in the opposite room giving vent to his musical urge (he was once in the band) by singing a few bars of the Cobbler's song from Chu-Chin-Chow. We bid the affable pioneer adieu and take a peep at our friend the singer. He is an amiable person and a very pleasant one "to boot". He possesses an altruistic idealism, is very devout and makes an earnest endeavour to "heel" "soles". Our time is rather limited so we are compelled to turn down his offer to "come and have one"---rather reluctantly, of course.

At the end of the corridor we come to a cross-roads. As there is no sign post I had better explain where they lead. Straight ahead is the recreation-room, a spacious room placed at the disposal of the men where they can relax and enjoy themselves at the end of the day. Incidentally it is also used as a meeting place on such occasions as Xmas and St Patrick's Day, also for the well known 4 to 44.

To our left is the Machine-Gun platoon barrack room. You will observe with what meticulous care the beds are made, the symmetrical fold of the sheets, the shining mess tins on the shelves and the nicely scrubbed floor.

To our right is a corridor that I will call the Road of a Thousand Destinies. It may lead to the granting of a few days leave, the sanction to get married or----You'll find the hat rack at the back of you where you wait to be marched in. There is great activity going on down there, but I think we will leave it for the nonce until we get a casual glimpse of it when we repair to the canteen at 1145 hours to go and "have one".

We about-turn a few paces and then mount a series of wooden steps that lead to other mysterious activities. You will find, when you reach the top many men busily employed with brooms, mops and buckets of water. No, my friend, we are not Marines-half soldiers and sailors. That water on the floor is not there to create a nautical atmosphere---it is the result of an art known as "interior economy". (How true it is that "a rose by any other name smells just as sweet").

To our right lie the various offices that deal exclusively in matters pertaining to the military. That dog lying outside the door there--Did you ask me what that man is doing staring rather forlornly out of the window? Well, he's one of those who Shakespeare (or was it Milton? Ed.) advised.."they also serve who only stand and wait". His escort should be along any

moment now. That board you see before you is used for the express purpose of informing those concerned when they may proceed on furlough and the date of the next pay parade.

That room on your right is the company barrack room. You will find it, in so far as symmetry is concerned, practically identical with that of the Machine-Gun platoon. That man poking around on that shelf with a stick is the Orderly Sergeant. Ah---He's discovered something. Let us go..quick!

Now the room on the other side is a very important one. It can be used for lectures, practical demonstration of arms, drill and entertaining children at Christmas Time. But let us proceed-

That sergeant coming towards us carrying an important looking document in his hand is from the Machine Gun Orderly Room. Notice the military bearing, the brisk step, the alert eye, the half-smoked cigar. You watch him now -- Yes, I thought so. He's just gone into the Sergeants' Mess. And that's what I like about him. He is so "Bliss"fully unconcerned about everything else except the job in hand.

This corridor on our left leads to the Royal School of Infantry. There is a spacious room at the end hung with pictures of what the inside of guns look like after the post-mortem. Yes, that's a picture of a bull-dog alright, but that's not what you have to be afraid of.

Things are pretty quiet this morning...not much doing. What's that you say - where's So and So? Oh, I almost forgot. He's just slipped up to the band-room to see "Shorty" about a hair-cut.

No. That box of sand is not put there to remind one of Blackpool. As a matter of fact you'd be surprised at the number of battles that have been won and lost on "that there" sand. This is a very important section of our barracks. All the truly great men work here. If you doubt my word you can ask them yourself. Now we'll about turn and go to the band room, shall we? As we go along we pass several bunks on our left and Childs restaurant on our right. Yes, that's the band you hear. They're practicing for a \$1500 engagement on the radio! No, that fellow over there is not Emperor Jones. That's Blondie of the Follies. I'd like to introduce you to each one of them but fear we have'nt the time.

Look here..Im rather tired of showing you around this here joint...what do you say to a cup of coffee over the canteen? O.K. with you? Fine then....come on!

-:-o-:-

VANCOUVER LETTER

"Bon jour, m'sieur!" What a strange lingo the French parley-voo sounded when the French war vessel "JEANNE d' ARC" paid Vancouver a brief visit recently. We then really realized how smothered in cobwebs had become the language we were wont to pride ourselves in handling in the bad old days of the Big Argument.

The members of the crew did not seem to be their usual volatile Latin selves. Perhaps this was due to the almost complete absence around town of vin blanc and vin rouge. Asked for an opinion of the local beer, one of the sailors shrugged his shoulders and replied: "C'est epouventable!" Here's hoping every local brewer overheard the remark.

--o--

Field-Marshal Lord Milne, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., D.S.O., D.C.L., LL.D., former Chief of the Imperial General Staff, arrived in Vancouver recently on his way back to England from Australia where he had been a guest during the Centenary Celebrations of the City of Melbourne. He was only able to stay one day in Vancouver, but he made the most of it. In the evening he attended a dinner of the Old Contemptibles Association, and expressed himself as well pleased with the strong spirit of esprit de corps that was evident, and exhorted his listeners to do their utmost to perpetuate that spirit.

--o--

Colonel W.W. Foster, D.S.O., V.D., A.D.C., former Commander of the 23rd Infantry Brigade, was recently appointed Chief of Police of the City of Vancouver. This is another demonstration that our old friends Organization, Administration, Discipline and certain other subjects familiar to one who has had military experience can be made very usefully applicable in certain civilian spheres of activity.

--o--

Patients now in the Shaughnessy Military Hospital include Major E.M. MacBrayne, M.C., P.P.C.L.I., who states that he is feeling better, and looks it, and our friend of the Blair Range, Mr. A. McPherson, who met with an accident some weeks ago. Mr. McPherson, during the war, was awarded the D.S.O., M.C., D.C.M., M.H. A strange whimsy of fate that he should have come out of the roaring regions of flying hardware all in one piece, after four years of it, only to collect all the grief in the peaceful quietude of North Vancouver.

--o--

All Units of the 23rd Infantry Brigade are now in earnest training for the Annual Inspections and also for the various competitions fostered by M.D. No. 11 Infantry Association.

The Efficiency of Personnel Cup for last year was again won by The Seaforth Highlanders of Canada, to whom we extend hearty congratulations.

--o--

Wotta week! We refer to that third one in January. When Old Man Weather, in ugly mood, decides to come on parade he takes good care to edge everyone else off. Practically all parades had to be cancelled hereabouts for that week. Tough in town, it was tougher yet in the Fraser Valley, where are quartered "D" Company, 1st Bn. The Westminster Regiment at Chilliwack, and "C" Company, 11th Machine Gun Bn. Canadian Machine Gun Corps, at Mission. For days the valley was nothing more than an inland sea, about fifteen deaths resulting from landslides and drowning. With cows being milked from boats and later from lofts of barns, hens laying eggs in tops of trees and no wheels of the transportation world turning for many days, it may be guessed that military activities during that period were not very pronounced.

Which recalls to mind a certain winter night some time ago up in that troubled region. Two feet of snow lay on the ground. Deeper yet on outlying roads. The night was dark and "Dismiss" had just been given.

"Well, I'll be home by one o'clock!" exclaimed a member of the Unit, as he emerged from the drill hall.

"What time? One o'clock?"

"Yes, sir."

"How far do you live from here?"

"Nine miles."

"You will have tramped eighteen miles through this snow to attend this parade?"

"Yes, sir."

Which gives rise to the thought that perhaps it was due to the prevalence of that kind of spirit that has caused the predominating colour on an atlas to be red.

* * * * *

* * * * *

T H E C O W A R D

(Continued from page 92)

the inert figure. Once! twice! the forked tongue darted.

Hildyard pulled out his revolver, took aim, and pressed the trigger. There was no report. He opened the magazine.

"The swine" he swore, "must have emptied it this morning, when we were working together on that surveying report. Lucky thing his shot went wild." He glanced at the inert figure upon the floor. Around DeVette's neck the still hissing cobra had coiled itself.

Quickly Captain Hildyard stepped through the door behind him.

* * * * *

* * * * *

W I S E & O T H E R W I S E

Here's to women: Noted for untold ages.

-:-o:-:-

It need not be assumed that the young bride worships her husband because she places burnt offerings before him three times a day.

-:-o:-:-

Willpower: the ability to eat one salted peanut.

-:-o:-:-

"Pardon, can you give me a match?"

"No, but I'll lend you my cigarette lighter."

"Hm--can I clean my teeth with that?"

-:-o:-:-

Judge-"What possible excuse did you have for acquitting that murderer?"

Foreman of Jury-"Insanity."

Judge-"What, all twelve of you?"

-:-o:-:-

The prize goes to Boley Keeler with this one....

When he was out in India, his regiment went out for a long route march. (And it was HOT in them days.)

After pounding the sandy road all day the Colonel discovered that when it came to the time to return the guide had lost his bearings and the regiment was over twenty miles away from the cantonment.

Realising the men were tired the C.O. told them that any man who thought he could not complete the march to take three short smart paces forward. Every man in the regiment took the three short smart paces forward with the exception of one small undersized private.

The Colonel was impressed with the man's stoicism and approaching him said. "I'm glad to see I have one man who has the courage of a soldier."

The man replied..."Courage be blowed, Sir..I'm too darn tired to take the three short smart steps forward."

-:-o:-:-

We regret to announce that, owing to an unforeseen accident, we will be unable to continue the series "Army Cooking Made Easy". Quite unavoidably the manuscripts, together with several other promising articles, etc., were destroyed by fire and it was not possible to save a single scrap of paper.

By this we do not want to give the impression that the Editorial Offices were consumed in the flames, quite the contrary. Our Janitor, with a Spring-cleaning bug in his ear (or was it the D.O.C's. Inspection?) destroyed every single piece of paper he could see. The new one has received definite orders.

-:-o:-:-

S H O O T I N G N O T E S

Owing to complaints that the Short Lee-Enfield rifle is an unsuitable weapon for accurate competitive shooting, the National Rifle Association will allow in 1935 the use of the Pattern 1914, but without the telescopic sight which, when fitted to this weapon, makes it the official "sniper's rifle." The N.R.A. will obtain the rifle from the War Office and will sell it at £3, less than a third of the price of the Short Lee-Enfield rifle.

A "Rack rifle" class is to be instituted for the King's Prize and other Grand Aggregate competitions. It will be open only to those who have not previously won a prize worth £2 or more, and the S.M.L.E., strictly "as issued" and on charge of the competitor's unit, must be used.

-:-0:-

SHOOTING AT WINNIPEG

The M.D. No.10 Indoor Rifle League 1934-35, came to a close on 25th January 1935, eighteen members of the Regiment taking part during the season. The team made a great showing in the 1st Division, obtaining 2nd position, with an average score of 607.8 per match, the Winnipeg Light Infantry, winners of the 1st Div. average being 608.9.

Congratulations to Ptes. W. Gibson and W.A. McKay on being placed 7th and 8th in the individual aggregate, also the following who were awarded Spoons for obtaining highest score in six of the ten matches fired:- Capt. A.W. Hunt M.M. Sgt. F. Crundall, Ptes. W.A. McKay, G. Taylor, (one spoon each) Pte. W. Gibson, (two spoons). From this fine performance, and the showing of the new arrivals, we can expect great things during the coming outdoor season.

-:-0:-

At the annual business meeting of the Manitoba Provincial Rifle association, held on the 4th January 1935, Major C.S. Booth, chairman of the executive committee, made a special reference to the fine shooting of Capt. A.W. Hunt, M.M. and Pte. W.A. McKay of the Regiment at the D.C.R.A. meet 1934. Capt A.W. Hunt, having been chosen to represent Canada, on the 1935 Bisley Team, and Pte. W.A. McKay who would likely be chosen. We sincerely hope that his forecast regarding Pte. McKay will be correct.

Capt. A.W. Hunt, M.M., Sgts. W.P. Vincent and R. Dunn, also Pte. W.A. McKay have been nominated to represent the Regiment on the council of the Manitoba Provincial Rifle Association for 1935.

-:-0:-

